

HELPLESS FISHES

i'm having the neighbors over for dinner tomorrow night so tonight i'm making the tomato sauce and the meatballs. like some people, i believe the sauce is better on the second day. since i rarely eat red meat i lean towards having chicken and fish, so in making the meatballs i use ground chicken, chicken which i picked out at the market myself and which i told the butcher to grind without the skin. soon i want to give up eating even the chicken and fish, and not only for reasons of health, but also simply because eating animals in general does not appeal to me anymore. god forbid i should die with the smell of another animal on my breath. i just don't think that that would be the best way to enter into the next world, no matter what it consists of. even if it's just a dark dreamy state, or if it's nothing at all. but, it's difficult to get away from eating chickens, i find. it seems with everyone cutting down on red meat the chickens are taking a terrible beating, more so than the fish. everywhere i go i find chicken being placed down in front of me. my mother always gives me chicken to take home, even when it was not part of the meal we've had, although most of the time we do have just that: chicken, in every conceivable way imaginable. it's frightening to think of how many chickens i have consumed in my lifetime. if these chickens were to suddenly appear in the field out back it would resemble one very big chicken farm. or if i were to have a dream of these chickens, i'd see them all facing me with agitated legs and agitated feathers, staring at me with a dumb, questioning look in their beady eyes. i'd be capable of doing little else than staring back at them with the same dumb look in my eyes. and in my dream i'd hiccup, of course, and feathers would escape from my mouth and float to the ground. then the chickens would all start stepping slowly towards me. i'd cautiously back away, mumbling, begging for forgiveness, swearing to eat only beans and rice from this day forward. but they would show no mercy. their beady eyes would turn red, blood-red, and they would continue stepping closer and closer until the smell of them would become sickening. being that all this was occurring in my dream, though, i'd be able to come to my own rescue. i'd have certain powers that the chickens would not have. and with these powers i would turn the chickens into loaves of bread and so many helpless fishes. with a smug grin on my face, feet securely planted, i'd drink wine that was gushing freely from a garden hose. listen, this is the way the scene would unfold, like it or not. it's my dream and it certainly is not my fault that chickens can't dream.